

A COMMEMO-

ration of the Right Noble and
vertuous Ladye, Margrit Duglasis
good grace, Countis of Lennor,
Daughter to the renowned and most excell-
ent Princesse Margrit, Queen of Scotland, espow-
sed to King James the fourth, of that name: In the
daies of her most puissant and magnificent
father Henry the seauenth, of England,
Fraunce and Ireland King:

(. . .)

Wherin is rehearsed her godly life, her constan-
cy and perfitt pacience, in time of infortune her God-
ly end, & last farewel, taken of al Noble estates at the
howre of her death. The ninth day of March. 1577. At
her house of Hackney in the Countie of Middlesex: And
now lyeth enterred the thyrd of April, in the Chap-
pel of King Henry the seaueth her worthy
Grandfather. 1578. And Anno. 20. of
our Soueraigne Lady Queen
Elizabeth, by Gods permissi-
on of England, Fraunce
and Irelande
Quanc. sc.

¶ To all Right Noble, Honorable,
Godlye and Worshippfull Ladyes, John
Phillip wisheth the feare of God, prospere-
tice and peace in Jesus Christ.
(. :.)



Right Honorable and

vertuous Ladyes, when florishing Ver had banished the bitter stormes of Hyems, and geuen Flora liberty with her gallant mantle of greene to garnishe the whole face of the earth : I was drawne by

desire throughly to consider the sundry pleasures, and
diuerse commodityes that she most curtuouslye pre-
sented to worldly inhabitauntes, and finding occasi-
on fyt for my purpose, I tooke my waye for my re-
past into the fieldes, where I found the barren ground
fruitfull, proffering foorth plentifullye her increase,
and the naked trees fullye pollished and couered with
leaues: in the braunches wheroft the chrping birdes,
the more to augment my solace, rendred foorth their
well tuned concords, the silye Larke mounting aloft
towardes the fyrnamente, rendred foorth his rat-
ling noates of ioye, the Thrustle coake, the Mauice,
and euery byrde in his kinde obserued his proper and
comely harmonye. And thus as on rapt or rauished
with ioye, Syt Phæbus with his trampling steedes

A.ii. ~~rainy~~ raining

The Epistle Dedicatorye.

rainging through the Christaline skies, in the Chariot of Phaeton, making his asendent to the top of the hiest Spyvre, I was constrained partly through wearenesse, and partly the heate of the daye increasing, to sit me down vnder a Betch tree, the braunches wherof seemed a Fortresse to shielde me from the partching gleames of tryumphing Tytan : But as my glauing eyes beganne to suruaye the nature and effectes of gallaunt Aestas, so also did I call to memory how Boreas bustering blastes and Hyems hoarye froastes, conuerted those present pleasures that Ver brough foorth, to nothing, and in fine defaced them as though they had not bene: so that both those seasons I gathered did presayg vnto me the fickleness of our coursing tyme and the shortnesse of our transitory dayes, the flourishing flowers which long had bin shrowded in the bowels of the earth, beganne not onelye to prognosticate to me our estates lyuing her in iollitie: But also set foorth aptlye in theyr kynedes, howe and whereto we were subiected, the pollished trees serued as a scoolemayster, to publishe vnto mee, our hard and heauy hazardes in this terrestriall vale of myserie and immortalitye, the lesson that by them I learned was worthye to be considered : For the marke they had me ame at was Death, and yet after Death, as they through the sweete deawes and sauory showers, did florish and prosper againe after they were wythered away: so also gaue they intelligence to me, that despight of death and graue by the myghty prouidence of G.O.D, all creatures should arise from theyr slumber

ber

The Epistle Dedicatore.

ber and come before the trybunall seate of the almighty, where the faythful shold be rewarded with eternall lyfe, and the vnbeleeuing recompenced with endlesse torments. But as I sat discoursing these causes, Sol hasting with speedinesse towardes the Occident, Tyme gaue me charge to repayre towardes my lodging, whiche attayned : I entred into my former Muse, and tooke my penne in hand, mynding to haue written some Pamphlet in these my former discourses: But loe, contrary to my expectation, Mercury the messenger of Iubiter, arrested myne eyes with Sopor.

In which season Morpheius, (as it were in a vision) set before myne eyes to my thinking a very pittifull spectacle: For there appeared vnto me a Noble Lady compassed with care, pursued by dolour, shoared vp with perfyte patience ainst her extreinities, and lastly so supported with trueth, that paysing her infortunes which seemed in shoo incredible, and therewithall her constancye in sufferinge calamities, I could not but wonder, on while I lamented her estate, another while I tryumphed in her. Whose patience as a Bulwarke was readye to beare the brunts of fickle Fortune, thus one while drowned in griefe, and eft againe comforted by hope, at laste I waked, and looking behinde me: I beheld me thought the personages present, with whome in my slumber before, I had beene acquainted, and therewith all the trueth began to speake vnto me, perswading me first to set aside all feare, and to marke sith I had purposed to writ some matter concerning the mutabilitie

The Epistle Dedicatore.

ties of the tyme , what that Noble Ladyc woulde discourse vnto me : For that she had felte in this lyfe the fulnesse of Fortunes fallaces, to whose heastes I gaue my selfe willinglye , rather encouraged (good Ladys) by the trueth, then settling vpon mine owne skill, to take so waughty an attempt in hande and thus she began her tale as followeth , which as her freendlye and faythfull farewel, is rendred into your hands that feare G O D, lead your lyues loyally, and are louers of vertue, whose reward in this lyfe is honor, and after the graue to the vter foyle of Death, e- ternall fame, and the ritch and glorious king- dome purchased by Christ at the last day.

The which place, God of his infi-
nite bountie and goodnesse,
for his anointed Sons
sake graunt
you.

*Vestræ salutis dignitatisq; studi-
osissimus I. Phillipus. Re-
ginij Cantabrigiensis Collegij
Alumnus.*

Faultes escaped in the Printing.

The fourth Page, the third stafe, the forth line
for the eight Henrye of fame , reade, a Prince
of fame.

The sixt page the first stafe, the third linne, our
substance is death, reade, our substance is earth.

The sixteene page the third line and third stafe
for to coast for vnitie, reade, no coast for vnitie.

The nineteene page, the last verse, fourth line,
for, were borne him to obay, read were bound
him to obay.

The Epistle Dedicatore.

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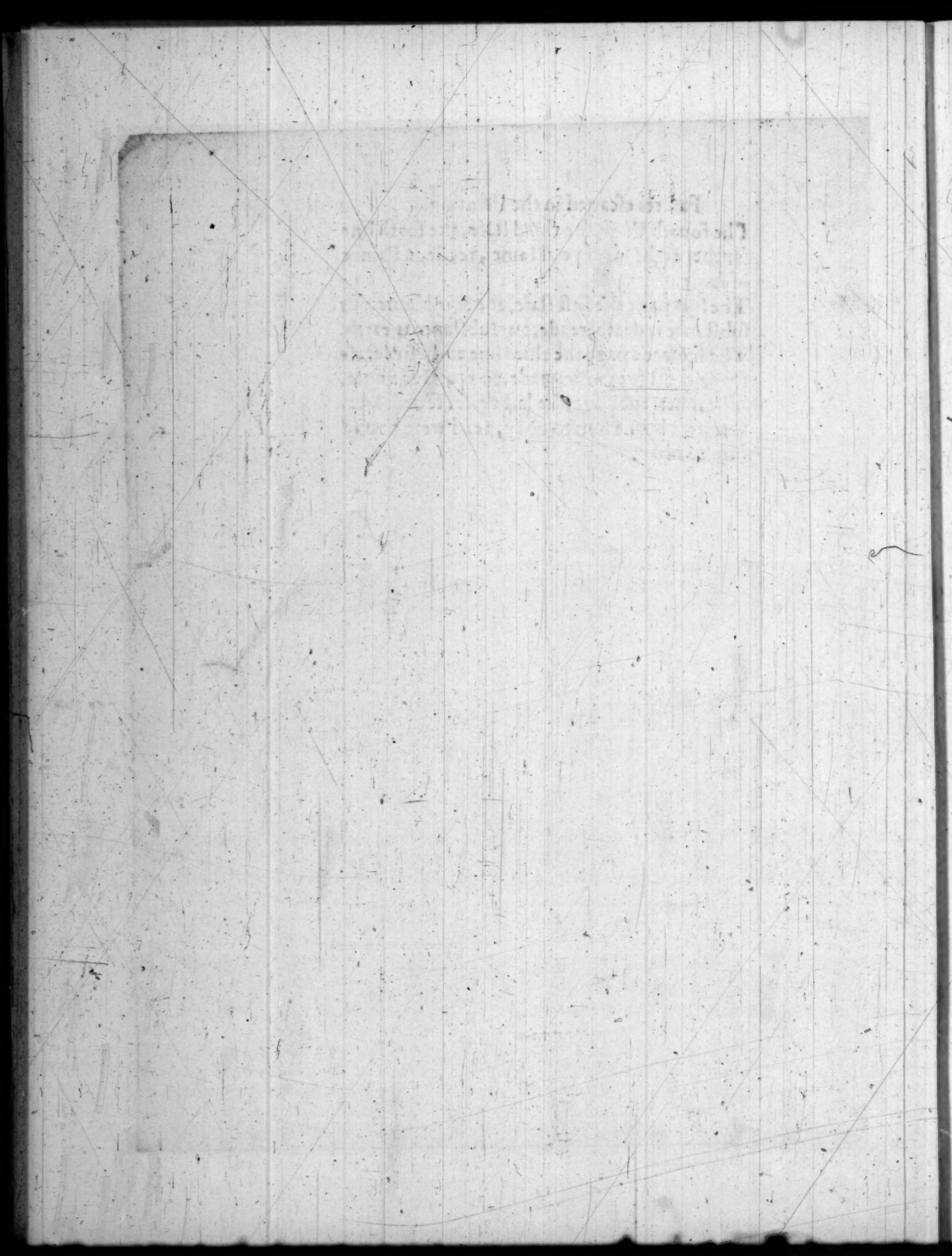
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¶A freendly Farewell geuen to
Honorable and vertuouse
Ladys.

Good Ladies al your listning eares I craue,
Til time my tale be fully brought to end:
Though y my corps be subiect to the graue,
Yet vouch awhile to heare your saythsal freend.
To you these lines for my farewell I sende,
Accept them then, and reade them for my sake,
And of my name, a new memoriall make.

I neede not shew to you my bloud and byzth,
Nor parentage deseruing high renowne:
That thing was knowne whilst I enyoyd y earth
though now of late Parchas hath cut me downe.
Henry the seauenth that ware the roiall crowne,
Of England, was my Grandfater most deare,
As plaine by proufe Historians witnesse beare.

By Grandam high, Elizabethes god grace,
And eldest Daughter was, as is well knowne:
Unto a perelesse Prince, of roiall race,
whose worthy facts through out the world was blowne.
Of England he atteind the kingly thronne,
Edward the fourth even so was clypt hisname,
And Henry the seauenth espowsd this noble dame.

The knot thus knit to Brittains lasting joy.
The house of Yorke and Lancaster was one:
Where discord er st, did commons harkes anoy,
None now had place, and they smale cause to mone.
A blast of blisse in every place was blowne,
For perfitt peace, wherild envy headlong doone.
Whi that these States eniored the regall Croune,

W. J.

Though

A freendly Farewell getien to

Though rebelles radge did kindle oft the brand,
Dyng debate, ye mortall wars and strife:
Yet did this Prince, with his outstretched hand,
Prepare to daunt his foes with bloudy knife.
As iust he was, so mercy was as rife,
To all his actes, God gane so god increase,
That by his meane England, possessed peace.

In wedlockes right to make the commons faine
God on the earth did multiply his seede:
He by his Quene eight Children did obtaine,
Which did his ioyes and subiects heape indeede.
His eldest Sonne that shoulde the crowne succede
He did conioyne in wedlock this is plaine,
With Kathleen Daughter to the king of Spaine.

Prince
Arthur
wedded to
Kathren
daughter
to Fardis
nando king
of Spaine.

Who with her in that holy sacred state,
Not full sire monthes, enjoyed vitall breath:
Amyd his blysse loue did cut shorrt his fate,
And in his youth his body brought to earth.
When time is come death waies not bloud nor birth
He strikes aswel the Prince that iers y crowne,
As he doth tach the begger and the clown.

No gifte of goulde, no houldes nor yearely fee,
Can cause him staye when God commaundes to strike,
He feares no state, he spares no high degrē,
The ritch and pore to him are all alike.
He doubtes not he the Champions push of picke,
The strong and weake he makes full sone to bende,
Its vaine alas with death for to contendē.

The Prince cut off by dent of death thus wise,
The Duke of Yorke that noble Henry hight:
Whose same Report beares to the oxent skies,
Proclaimed was of Wales the Prince by right.

Though

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Though the fyrest Sonne were rest the fathers sight,
The second did King Henryes ioyes increase.
Whose praise to baunt the commons never cease.

My noble Mother then Margrit clipte by name,
His eldest Daughter much he did delight:
He sought hir wealth and high renoune to frame,
And vnto Iames the fourth did her behight.
Who ware the crowne of Scotland as his right,
And she to him was spowse and crowned Queene.
Such care for peace was in my Grandfoure scene.

And so myne Aunt the Lady Maries grace,
His hart was bent beningly to prouide:
Twixt Christian Realmes he sought sound loue to place,
The fruites whereof myght discord thurst aside.
Fyue of his Children here before him dide,
And with the last my Grandams daies did ende,
And after sone the King to death did bende.

Thus tyme wone out there can remaine no staye,
For sicknesse health este sones we see doth wound:
It strength consumes, and beauty weares away.
And last comes death to dñe vs to the ground.
From earth we came and earth a meane hath found,
To clame her own, from whome when death hath dons
No meane is left for vs to start or ronne.

No Potestate, no Caiser, no Prince nor King,
No Duke, no Marquis, earle nor Lord be bould:
Of deadfull death san scape the bitter King,
When God appoyntes all flesh must turne to mould.
He strickes the young, he tanies the aged ould,
The Misers mocke can not his life prolong,
When God decares, death forth to stricke must throung

A freendly Farewell gotten to

The wise mans skill, nor cunning cannot serue,
When death doth come his sauagarde to procure:
He from the heastes of loue will no time swarue,
The sole and wise, of death may be most sure.
Then worldly wightes whilst here you do indure,
Know life to death is subiect every hower,
Whose stroake to shun no creature hath the power.

Henry the seaventh his Quene and children syue,
Resining life as her by me is sould:
Henry the eyght as king remaind alive,
Whose praise of right ought for to be enroulde.
And regestred by fame, in letters wxit of goulde
That all estates may know and vnderstand,
How nobly he did gouerne this land.

Quene Margrit my mother did then remaine,
In Skotland with the king, Iames, clipt by name:
But the Lady Marie ^{1 a yvngyn} must be plaine,
Abode with the eight Henry of fame.
He sought of her estate the wealth for to frame,
And minding each tide her name to aduaunce,
He maried his suster, to the king of Fraunce.

The spowals solemnist, with ioy and with glæ,
In Parris mine Aaunt was crowned the Quene:
But king Iamy the fourth did swone decret,
To enuy king Henry as well it is sene.
The read Roase that flourished with leaues full græne,
He sought to extirpe and pluck vp by roote,
But swone his vaine hoape was trod vnder foote.

The Quene my mother of curtelle flower,
Would oft on hyz knæs, perswade with his grace:
To stay from his purpose and leuye no power,
The borders of Bristane to spoyle and deface.

Sobe

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

He could not preuaile, he would follow the chace
His stomacke found sturdy, would nothing relent.
He raigned all he edlesse, to pine and to detriment.

Thus reason made subiect vnto his wil,
He sought to enlarge his pine and his patne:
But a p;ince to be ruled by his owne skill
Can not secure nor save long time remaine.
All goeth to w;ack where men god counsell disdainde,
Knaishnesse b;inges peril and daunger ten sould,
(But wisedome makes P;inces alwaies excauld.

To great was the follye of king Iames be you sure.
Whose arrogant bark and aspiring minde:
His spoile and decay in time did procure,
So lust ambition his sences make blind.
To Henry the eight, he wared vnkinde,
And sought the seedes of discorde dire to sowe:
Wherre frenship and faith, of right ought to growe.

His furie increasing an boast he prepared,
His rage sounde restles, reuenge did desyre:
Yet when he thought least, with th' all he was snared,
And supt vp the dregs of his conceiued yre.
Presumption, reuenge doth alwaies require,
The greater the gilt, the scourge sharper found,
For Justice the vniust whirles still to the ground.

My Uncle King Henry the eight of that name,
Wholding of Iames, the surqudie and pride:
Assembled his power this P;ince for to tame,
Whose folly a rod for him selfe did provide.
At Bramstone this battell should manly be tryde,
In which as God woud king Iamy was slaine,
His Army dispers'd and Skots put to paine.

A frendly Farewell geuen to

To this was the fine of this abusion,
Here enuye was plauged accordanng desert:
His vnkind dealing wrougth his confusyon,
His to sond boldnesse throughe pearced his hart.
Temeritie was cause of his spoyle and his smart,
His guerdon was death and losse of renoune,
So; God the p;oud hart doth dayly cast downe.

The Quene my Mother then hearing these newes,
The kings infortune did greatly lament,
She mourned that she did counsell refuse.
And with his estate would not be content,
But such is the ende of those that be bent,
To per seuer in pride mischiefe and ill,
Shame is the reward of fowlish fond will.

In Skotland my carefull Quene mother I leaue,
To take the garde of king Iames her young sonne:
And to Fraunce my tale tendes ye may perceiue,
With the Quene mine Aunt I haue not yet donne.
The thred of life that Lachasis had sponne,
Atropos prest forth in sunder to share,
Of her hulband the king, to dye we borne are.

*James the
fift, Sonne
and heire
to kinge
James the
fourth.*

All flesh is grasse and doth wither away,
Cuen as the flower that doth partch with the sunne,
No phisick can serue our lyues so to staye,
When the clockes past and the hower full runne.
By death to all sorte, Gods will must be donne,
But how, or when, no mortall man doth knowe,
He yet in what sorte death will bring him lowe.

Some by long sicknesse theyr lyues do resigne,
Some with the sworde are constrained to dye:
And some by famine to earth do incline,
And some in the cloudes depe drentched do lye.

Some

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Some by the lawes from death cannot flye,
Subiect to miseries we are on the earth,
And certaine to dye euē from our syght by thy.

No charter of life is graunted to man,
Our time is but shōt our dayes are not long:
Our substance is death and do what we can,
To earth we shall tourne be we never so strong.
Let vs not thinke then that death doth vs wrong,
When, or in what sort, he shall vs arrest,
No, let vs be ready to welcome this guest.

Consider that time runnes on without stay,
If he once passe by, he will not turne back:
And as the time fades mans dayes weare away,
For the Web of this lyfe, runnes still vnto wack.
In time keēpe watch then, least death the house sack,
For such as live carelesse gloriying in sinne,
Hooke to themselves destruction to winne.

Quēne Mary mine Aunty a widdowē now left,
And so was my Mother of Skotland the Quēne:
They, Princes by death both from them bereft,
A cause of care in each of them was seene.
Myne Uncle king Henry, whose fame lasteth greene,
Did comfort them both in their great distresse,
As one well consent they, cares to redresse.

Quēne Mary myne Aunty his sister moast deare,
He sent for agen to come into England:
And wedded she was to a noble Piere,
Of Sulfolcke the Duke, named Charles Brandon,
To him she byhight ber hart and ber bande,
And God on the earth they, sae did increase,
Who gane them prosperity, plenty and peace.

A freendly Farewell geuen to

My Mother in Skotland vnkowen to the king,
Did enter the knot of wedlocke againe:
With Lord Archimball Duglas consider this thing,
Of Angus the Earle, as knowne it is plaine,
Unruly the Skotes as then did remaine,
For which cause the Queen to England her tooke,
And Sotland awhile she left and forsooke.

The king her brother of loue moast intire,
At Harbocell Castell her harbour appointed:
Where and in which place sitb to know ye desyre,
I was borne of my mother a Queen anointed.
And at the fountstoone, as the Prince appoynted,
Margrit I was clipt this is most true,
As you that list search in Cronacles may view.

In youth I was trained, to vertue and grace,
In age I hild that in youth I did learne:
In fayth and Gods feare I ran on my race,
Obedience and trueth I helde as chiese sterne,
No lightnesse in me could any discerne,
My hart and my hand to do god was bent,
And wisedome to learne I was well content.

But such is the time and date of our dayes,
That lyfe cannot last as flesh doth require:
Though pleasure doth graunt to garnish our wayes,
And Fortune accorde to content our desyre.
Yet when we thinke least, to death we are nyere,
Our musick hath ende our pleasure doth fade,
Our pomp as nothing in moment is made.

Our eyes that delight the courser to view,
Are dazed of trueth in taking abreth:
Though knyghtes at the tylt our ioyes do renew,
Yet both we and they shall turne vnto earth.

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

No martiall Captaine can once conquer death,
He scarcs no armour nor yet barbed stede,
The conquest to death belongeth indeade.

It is neyther faire nor coastly attyre,
Datches moast ritch nor Jewels worthy price:
No, mountaines of gould may death no time byre,
No, beauty to save you can him once infice.
Then hunt after vertue, learne to loath vice,
For vertue though death cut all degrēs downe,
Dare manger the graue purchase renowme.

My mother the Queene, king Iamies true wife,
A Ruler of Skotland from death could not abyde:
Quene Mary of Fraunce, myne Aunt lost her lyfe,
You see death doth kingdomes and Monarkes desy.
He will not be parciall, no state he sets by,
The cle Angus my Father did bow to the ground,
And so did my brother the king of Skots cround.

My parents bereft me, and also myne Aunt,
My brother and kinssfolke to myne annoy:
Yet list myne Uncle the eight Henry graunt,
A meane distressed to bring me to ioy.
To call me to Court his grace was not coy,
With Marias god grace his daughter by right,
My rōme to a lot his highnesse did delgght.

And after in tyme when God did decree,
Elizabeths grace to the world to bring:
Myne Uncle her Father so fendered me,
That with her in the Court I had my chiese being.
So dōrely loued me Henry the eight King,
Those bounte and kindnesse I may not forget
That by me his Pece so greatly did set.

C.i.

James the
fifte bro-
ther to the
noble lady
Margarit
Duglas.

The Lady
Maries
grace and
Elizabeth
daughters
to King
Henry the
eight Cosin
germaines
to the La-
dy Dugla-
sits good
grace.

A freendly Farewell genien to

In Court I was lyked and loued of all,
At vertue I laboured still soz to amie:
To losenesse of lyse I was never found thzall,
My wordes on wisdome I sought soz to frame.
By meaſes whereof I purchased fame
But when I thought leſte to grieſe I was thzall,
From reason, by loue, to ſadne I did fall.

A contract
betwixt
the Lady
Margarit
Duglaſſis
grace, and
Lord Tho-
mas How-
ard younge
eft ſonne to
the Duke
of norfolke
who were
therefore
ſent to the
Tower.

An knowen to the king my Uncle moſt deare,
My fayth to Lorde Thomas Howard I plight:
Moſt truſy to me his troath did aſſeare.
But fortune her ſawning liſt chaunge vnto ſpyght.
Our loue ſhe redacſt, into the kings ſight,
Who ſor our offence to the Tower vs ſent,
Where much our inſotunes we both did lauient.

I mourned that I by Phansie was led,
And yet from my loue I could not recoule:
The Princeſſe diſpleaſure, my cauſe of care b̄ed,
But trew loue ſought ſtill my doloz to ſoyle.
But loue of, my loue prepared the ſpoyle,
And he in the Tower did fiſhē his lyſe,
To whom by contract I had vowed my ſelle wife.

† The lord His deaſt with my teares I diſten lament,
Thomas Myne Uncleſſe diſpleaſure did grieue me as much:
did fyndiſh Pet Patience gaue charge I ſhould be content,
his life in She in my diſtreſſe with hoape did me futch.
the tower. And though fortune diſt againſt my bliſſe grutch,
Pet hoape at the laſt her hate diſt reſtraine,
And to the kinges fauour diſt bring me againe.

The lady
Margarit
grace par-
doned and
reſtored to
the Kinges
fauour.

* My faulſte he remitted and ſooke me to grace,
My bondage was paſt, my hoape, ſredome wott:
Pet when of my Lorde I conſtrēd the caſe,
And how ſor my loue his lyſe was vndon.

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

I wept the young wight, the Duke ~~for~~ folches honne,
That for my loue did, his lyfe in bondes paye,
And yelde his corps, to slumber in claye.

To banish my cares and my blisse to augment,
Wherle Lennox for me the king did prouide:
To whose heast of trueth, I gaue my consent,
Cuen he was my spowse, and I his frue bryde.
Unto my Lorde, stedfast my sayth was tryde,
By whome in wedlocke eyght Children I had,
Our cares to diminish and make our hartes glad.

But death unto lyfe sound dayly a soe,
Six of our Children away from vs hent,
In tender youth he layed them downe lowe,
Whose losse with teares we much did lament.
But yet with Gods will we stode well content,
Whose divine working we could not withstande
Who maketh and killeth in turning a hande.

But anew t' inlarge our myght and our glorie
A Prince to the king myne Uncle he sent:
And Edward the sirt then named was he,
Whose byrth of the commons, the ioyes did augment.
But after (alas) dire death from me hent,
The king myne Uncle a Prince worthy fame
Whose aces through the wold reviucth his name.

No meruaile it was though then I were woe,
My grieses did increase, my playntes did abounds:
And with me all England, theyr lobes did beslowe,
To waile for his want moast highly renounde.
To Frenchnien and Skots, a scourge he was founde,
Their Bulwarkes he racst and sackt many houle.
Yet Mauger his myght, death sent him to moule.

The earle
Lennox
espoused to
the Ladie
Margarie
Duglassis
grace.

Henrye
Lorde
Darley
and Char-
les left as
lise.

A freendly Farewell genen to

A Mars he was named such was his power,
He gloried in fight to vaunt sworde and shield:
With thamp of Canon, he sackt many towne,
He with fire and sworde his foes forclst to yeld.
Not Hector could gayne more honor in fide.
When Henry the eight in battell hath wone,
Yet death to the graue constraind him to ronne.

Thus here you may see that death is the wight,
That neyther spares king, Kaisar nor Prince:
He will not be hyzed death all doth smyght,
The Conqueror he d:ades not to conuince.
He fauours no towne, he cares for no Prouince,
No Canon can scare him of this be you bould,
Death stricketh all states they must turne unto mould,

King Ed. The deaſt of the kinge the Commons did graue,
ward the Yet did his ſeide they ſolace ſwāte increase:
ſixt Cofen King Edward the ſyrt they ſires did reſue,
germain to Who planted in England tranquilltie and peace.
the noble Of Scotland he gan the rage for to ceaſe,
Ladye And calmed the b:ages of the hardy vniuſt,
Margarit To whose ſmooth tongue he had ſimale cauſe to truſt.
Duglaſſis
good grace King Edward the ſyrt enioyng the Crowne,
Was cut downe by death in his tender yeares:
Whose name yet liueth deseruiug renowne,
Report to the Clowdes his prayſes pure reaſes.
His losſe to Brittaine procured ſalt teares,
Bewayled he was in po:te and in towne,
Cre ſauen yeares were paſt death cut him downe.

Done after him then Queene Mary did ſucceſe, Before
The ſcepter and ſword came to her hande:
Lo ſit her downe also death doubtleſſe decreed,
When ſhe not ſixe yeares had ruled this lande.

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Before those Princes I constant did stande,
My trueth vblemisht I saythfull was sound,
Obedience and trueth was my chieffest ground.

Quene Mary discaast to Englands great ioy,
Elizabeths grace attained the crowne:
Who laboured her subiects to shicke from anoy,
Gods trueth she aduauncit, and falsehood put downe.
Through Europ is blowen her highnesse renowne,
Whose flowing fame brauncheth lyke tholive greene
Tryumph you Brittaines in your rogall Quene.

For since that Brutus this Land did atchieue,
Her lycke bath not borne of this be you boulde:
For wisedome a Saba your blisse to renue,
You all do possesse, then let be extoule.
Her vertue to skies let each tongue unsoulde,
The praise of this Quene (a Princesse of peace)
Who seekes of the commons the ioyes to increase.

Like Iudeth she sittes with sworde in her hande,
To daunt Holophernus and beate downe his pryde:
By her, the thre graces continue and stande,
About her princely seate, Sibelles abide.
Such fate list Ioue for this your Quene prouide
The Muses nine, with hye god grace to dwell
For prudent skyll, your Princes doth excell.

With in her brest Justice a place hath gyght,
And in her mercy welds the supreme sway:
The pōre opprest, to helpe she doth delight,
Her hand is prest to shield them from decay.
To al the fruites of loue, she doth display,
Her eares attend to heare each subiects wrong,
Lyke Saba she her subiects rules among.

A freendly Farewell geuen to

The sacred Nymph that noble Vesta bight,
Within her bower, accompanies this Queene:
Like Phebus rayes, her glorie glisters bright,
Abounde she sits with Lawill lasting grane,
Pernassus mount to scale this Prince is seene,
Of Helicon that Riuier running clare,
To taste her fill our Pandra hath desyre.

The scepter she, like sad Cassandra swales,
Corinna like, augmentes her learned skill:
Then Triton see, in haste thou take thy wavyes,
To spred her fame with taunting trumpet shrill,
Extoll our Queene of God be loued still,
Whose word and will, dispight of Chacus yre,
She, to defende hath settled true desyre.

Her countryes weale, to worke her hart is bent,
Haute Hydras head, she bath cut of indeade:
Each Minataure, by skill she doth preuent,
That in her soyle, of strife would sow the seade.
The woulfe she quailes, the lambe she seekes to feede,
With pleasant mylke, and honey passing pure,
God graunt on earth her grace may long indure.

Whose blessed dayes all saythfull hartes assent,
On bended knees of ruling loue to crawe:
With all your powers let hartes and tongus consent,
To pray to God this ruling roase to sauue.
These Nestors yeares, wish that her grace may haue,
And as her loue, to God is saythfull seene,
So pray, alway, that God may shielde our Queene.

In court, my lyfe, with soueraine mind I lead,
To whom my sayth, most loyall I bebright:
When I thought least, a cause of care was bread,
To banish blisse, and thrust my ioyes to flight.

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

I felte the force, of cruell fortunes spight,
A web of woe, she tought my handes to weave,
As by my tale, ye shall anon perceave.

Myne eldest Sonne, Lord Darly, namd of right,
From England went, to Scotland this is plaine:
Mary the Queene, his presence did delight
And for him did, of Scotland rule ordaine.
Wedded they were, and he theyr king did raine
And God on the earth to maintaine theyr peace,
Did geue them a Prince, their ioyes to increase.

The Queene of England, Elizabethes grace,
And Charles, of Fraunce the king this is plaine:
Did baptise the Prince this is a plair.e case,
Against which season, I lyst not to faine.
Our royll Queene certes a sount did ordaine
Of fine pure goulde, most cunningly wrought,
Loue to establish, she in this sorte sought.

Charles Iames, this Prince, at the sount they then named
Whose byrth to my state did yelde some delight:
But Fortune afresh, my new sorrow framed,
My honer with gall, she saucth through her spight.
The king my Sonne a wise worthy wight,
(Alack) my tongue sayntes, the sequell to shew,
Without his desert did purchase a soe.

Where he did most trust his trust him deceived,
For trecherous treason did compasse him rounde:
His hoape as haplesse, of blisse him bereaved,
And causelesse ingratitude, gan him to wounde.
The guiltlesse to harme, deccit a meane found,
Flattery bewitcht him, some Skots were vntrue,
And credit to light, to late made him rue.

Henry the
Lord dar-
ley went
from Engo
land and
was ma-
ried to
Marye
Queene
of Scotla
by whom
he had a
son, which
Queene
Elizabeth
of england
Fraunce
& Ireland
Queene, &
the Kinge
of Fraunce
did baptise
bis name
Charles
Iames

A frendly Farewell geuen to

A straunger in Court incenceth him to yre,
Whose hauy contemt he could not abyde.
But death in the Court remayned his hyre,
As meest rewarde to laye dolwe his pride.
The slaughter of whome his lyfe dyd devide,
For where he most firmely sought safte to buyde,
Most sonest of all my Sonne was beguilde:

Alas that treason should counteruayle troath,
And salshood the cloke of frēndship should vse:
Alas that Rebelle shold frustrate theyr oath,
And saysh vnto God and Prince so resolute.
At Glaseo, (O place) thou makest me to muse,
So noate what solace in thes was frequented,
And yet what mischiefe false traitors inuented.

What banqueting most braue in thes were prepared,
What Musick, what spoate, what triumph and ioy:
no - So cost for vnitie alas there was spared,
To boast of true frēndship, no state was found eoy.
Those that most bragged wrought my Sonnes anoy,
But as vnder honey gall often doth lurke,
So clocked craft (causeleſſe) agaynst him dyd woake.

The fowlers theyr nets in secrete had spread,
The byrd to intrap (alas) all vnware:
The bayght, was perill, wherevn the fish fed,
Although of pleasure he sometymes haue share.
The hooke concealed doth worke the fish care,
Cuen so dyd flattery, most craftely frame,
The death of my Sonne king Henry by name.

By whose rusfull fine let Princes take hēde,
How or on whome, they do settle theyr trust:
Remember this prouerbe as true as the Crede,
For treason most fletcherous, raines in thunurst.

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

To ground on flattery let them that will lust,
Faire wordes and no dedes, at all they shall finde,
Beware adulation make you not blinde.

But flatterers presume to reatch to the Court,
Cleo with Princes sakes to beare sway:
The iust by flatteres oft times do take hurt,
Note, flattery of Cesar wrought the decaye,
Sy no that Gorgon his parte so did playe,
That Troy by flattery was layde in dust,
For trecherous treason consisteth in trust.

Thus flattery doth sacke Regions and Townes,
Flattery bereaues man of lym and of lyfe:
It spoileth Princes of theyr royall crownes,
(A flatterer) glozeth in mischiefe and strife:
In smooth tonges commonly deceipt is founde rise,
Trust not such Syrens their hermonies hate,
Least in Charibdis you dwelme alto late.

‡ As did king Henry who yelding to such,
As smoothly could cloake and cover theyr guile:
Huzzred hypocrisie his state so; to touch,
The profe wherof, did broch treason vile.
Obedience and loue, false rebelles exile,
Their king they murthered (O woe, and alas,) *
How may I with teates his death overpas.

B But yet remember thou and thy trayne,
O Offenders moast vyle wicked and ill,
D Doth God, not traytors hate and disdaine,
VV We reade in his wrath destroye them he will.
E Esteeme that his iustice lets them to spill,
L Looke with thy consorts from the East to the West,
Your guile is ostended, God doth you detest.

D.J.

your

A Caution
for Princes
and noble
estates, by
the spoile
of Cesar to
fise & hate
smoothe
tongues
that by the
meanes of
their fay-
ned flatter-
ries seeke-
the spoile
of Princes
& depopu-
lation of
countryes.

‡ Henry
Kinge of
Scots sedu-
red by flat-
try, which
wrought
his causes
confusyon.

* Bodwell
ancestor of
the most
cruell and
& hodye

slighter.

A freendly Farewell givien to

Your crime is to great your fates worthy paine
A scourge moast sharpe your sinne doth require:
What subiects may traitors their prince would haue slain,
That dayly theyr welfare sought to desyre,
Correction most sharpe your sinne doth require,
In whome neither wisedome nor reason had place,
O Caines moast cruell and people past grace.

But (ah) why do I erclame in this sorte,
O silly woman too weake then art founde:
To vanquish these rebbelles so rype t'erkort,
Their Prince most faythful that did on trueth ground.
Wat rest thare content though care do thee wound.
Appeale thou to God on him cast thy care
Who for the vnust his wrath doth prepare.

Thus linging in woe my dolor increast,
Dame Nature constraind me to rush forth my feares.
To sende forth my sobs I no time haue easte:
The heauens of my cryes iust record still beares,
The fate of this slaughter blowne in myne cares,
My cares made dubble I wayld day and night,
Yet pacience pure I plaste in my sight.

But tyme at the last my cares did exile,
And fortune prepar'd afresh sor to smile:
Her pleasant lookes did last but small while,
Euen so list that dame of blisse me beguile.
Some Skots continuing theyr myschiefe moast vile,
Did yelde me to drinke a cup of new care,
Therein of sorowe, I tasted my share.

My anguish was such as to beare was to great,
Yet God was my guide on whome I did staye:
Though fortune gan hardly me to intreate,
Yet to God, by prayer I styll made my waye.

An

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

And though on my neck his scouge he did laye,
I gladly did yelde his croise for to beare,
And hoapt at the last, the clowdes would war cleare.

The Earle Lennox my spowse, Lord Steward by name,
In Skotland as regent did beare the sway:
Under whose charge, the younge king worthye same,
As his Protector and Governo^r did stay.
To upholde Justice he laboured night and day,
The commons weale he sought still to procure,
But no state of safegarde him selfe can assure.

At Starling, he ment, a Parliament to houlde,
Whereto the states resorted with glē:
He sought that vertue myght still be estouerde,
And labour there to place loue and vnitie.
To him did accorde all the nobilitie,
Save some most vnkinde, that vertue did hate,
The foes of they^r countrey, and regent my mate.

Hautinesse came on to march with his traine,
And treason the Ensine and Standert did beare:
Myschiefe made spedē the innocent to paine,
Bouldnesse stopt vp his rancor to reare.
Lust longed to haue the blood of my deare,
Envie prest on at vnitie to grudge,
Treason in this case, presumd to be iudge.

O Order by fraud and contempt was trede dolwe,
Vertue was quaild vice beare the sway:
None more prest, to blemish their Regentes renowne,
Then they that of right, were boⁿe him to obey.
Early in the moⁿne, to his place they toke way,
His house they beset (cause of great care)
And entred the gates o^r ere he was ware.

*The Earle
Lennox
Regent of
Scotland,
ment to
hould a
Parliament
at starling.*

*Hamble-
towns trea-
cherous
treason.*

D.y.

Thus

A freendly Farewell gesien to

Thus traitors through treason my dære in his bed,
With violence did of trueth rounde beset:
The boyce of theyz clamor amazd his bed,
The rage of these Rebels, he, ne might forȝet.
To weake was his force theyz practise to let,
Yet keþt he his chamber maunger their yre,
Tyll they did threate, to consume him with fyre.

Pet came he to parley before he did yelde,
To those (most sedicious) chafe autho:z of strife:
Who promisde theyz regent from perrill to shielde,
And bownde by oathes, he should haue his lyse.
But hard its to trust, where treason is ryse,
Pet he to theyz handes him selfe did commit,
Supposing that they from sayth wouold not flyt.

Therle Le. But they not wayng, his estate nor renowne,
nor Regent nor yet dreading God, that gouerns the skye:
of scotland With a pistole slew him in midst of the towne,
most traitor These Rebels, thus wile theyz Regent made dye.
serouslye Faith was forsaken and nothing set by,
slaine in Thus treason bereft me of my Sonne and mate,
the Towne So froward lyt Lachas twisit on my fate.
of Sterling
with a p-
stole.

3
D people most peruerse stubborne and ill,
(D Rebels ruthlesse) and falsely forsworne:
What ment ye my Sonne, and husband to kill?
Would God I wish it, ye had never borne boorne.
The death of your king first made me to mourne,
The spoyle of your regent, my cares makes duble.
Woe wort you Rebels, chafe cause of my trouble.

To heauen I appeale in this mortall lyse,
For these great iniuries vnto me done:
To you that skorne peace and glory in strife,
Gods vengance in tyme, no doubt wyll be wone.
Through

Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Through Europ desame see that thou do rone,
To publish the actes of these Skots vntrew,
That theyr king and Regent, thus did subdew.

Thinke you god Ladys care cut not my hart?
Thinke you that these paines ransackt not my brest?
These murthers (God knolwes) enlarged my smart,
And made me to waile, when I should take rest.
In bed, and at boorde, my plaintes were errest,
My sobs like larums to heauen I vp sent,
But patience perforce had me be content.

At Hackney with me Lord Charles did abyde,
And wedded he was to a Lady full deare:
By whome God for my comfort lyst to prouide,
Young tender infant my hart for to cheare.
Arbella was named, the young Lady sayre,
But death from me rest her father my Sonne,
Whose losse to lament with teares I begonne.

Thus Fortune still bent my ioyes to diminish,
In this mortall lyfe my cares did augment:
But shortly after my turmoyles to finishe,
Sicknesse to fach me by Gods will was sent.
To whome for to yelde me I was content,
On God I did build my sayth was most true,
Whose ayde I required my flesh to subdue.

Heauen was my hoape this wold I did hate,
Sweete Christ was the Rock on whome I did ground:
His death was sufficient I knew to abate,
His fathers displeasure, and cure the wound.
That Sathan through sinne, to make in man found,
By his illusion; the meane and high way,
To spoyle vs of blysse and wokke our decay.

Lorde
Charles
maried to
the daugh-
ter of the
lady Sents
loue nowe
Countise of
Sherisbury
who disea-
sed at hac-
nye by whō
he had the
Ladye
Arbella.

But

Honorable and vertuous Ladies,

But Just was our God I cannot denye,
Condemned we were for Adames offence:
I know as iuste did lot vs to dye,
So mercy most milde should be our defence.
The seede of the woman a gem of excellency,
Was graunted of loue the Serpent to soyle,
Us to reviue that sinne sought to spoyle.

Which seede was swete Christ, the Sonne of God sure,
Who did for our sakes his essence imbace:
His conception was holy his byrth most pure,
Such was the working of God by his grace.
Gods sacred spirit considering our case,
Did light on a Virgin by his diuine power,
Of whome was begotten Christ our swete flower.

Flesh of her substance I knowe he did take,
And for our sakes he became perfect man:
Sinne onely except, and thus for to make,
Our attonement with God of loue he began.
He quailed the boast and power of Sathan,
But as he was man marke well what I saye,
He was also God, beleue me ye maye.

For from his humanitie this thing is truw,
His Godhead divine was not inseperate:
Christ God and man our welfare did renew,
From death by his death the trueth to relate.
He throughly beholding our wretched estate,
Reducst vs from death and brought vs from hell,
God graunt that in him we saythfull may dwell.

For he it is sure that hath done vs good,
Not for deserts but of loue by his grace:
Our sinnes are remitted in his dearest blood,
Our guile is forgotten, and we in good case,

A frendly Farewell geuen to

If armely our hoape in heauen we do place.

If we on Christ builde and settle our trust,
His merites are ours he will make vs iust.

In health and in sicknesse, I this did beleue,
And euen tyl that death did finish my dayes:
No paine nor yet Crosse could my sayth remeue,
For Christ my swete Lorde his name I did praise.
Then learne God Ladys to follow my wayes,
Hoape still for heauen this wold is but vaine,
Let Christ your comfort in your hertes remaine.

And unto your Queen be trusty and kinde,
Her statutes and lawes obserue and obey:
Her bounty I wish you to beare still in minde,
For whose secure state to God do you pray.
Whose presence God sende you to the last day,
Then Brittaine shall prosper and florish with fame,
That so it may be saye amen to the same.

My sicknesse increasing my strength gan to sayle,
No Phisick could serue my health to restore:
For death against lyfe began to preuaile,
Such is the state of the ritch and the poore.
Learne to be redy god Ladys therfore,
Let sayth be your shielde with sinne for to striue,
Then lyfe everlasting you shall atchieue.

In charite and loue my lyfe long I lead,
The poore as my guestes I dayly did feede:
But sayth b th my ioyes in Jesus Christ brde,
Who to his flocke doth watch and take heed.
He was my comfort in dainger and neede,
From death and decay, the Lambe set me frē,
So great was his bounty showne unto me.

At

A freendly Farewell geuen to

At Heackney to death my lyfe did I bende
My soule to my Christ I ther did commit:
My body to clay did ioysfully wende,
Where it remaines tyll God thinke it fit,
My body and soule together to knit.
Where and in which time before the Judge iust,
I shall be sanctified such is my trust.

And thus good Ladys farewell and adew,
My race is full run, my travels haue ende:
As death in this lyfe, my lyfe, did subdew,
So death vnto you his footesteps will bende.
Regarde my sayinges, thinke you on your frænde,
For as I am gon, beleue me you maye,
You needes must follow your sustaunce is clay.

Dixi.

FINIS.

Yours at commaunde (in the Lord)
John Phyllips.

Imprinted at London by John
Charlewood, dwelling in Bar-
bycan, at the signe of the halle
Eagle and Key.



